

## A Quaint Custom.

BY a curious old law dating back to 1779 all the grapes left on the vines after the harvest at Beziers, France, go to the poor. If a police officer decided to enforce the law rigidly the owner of the vineyard could at once be haled into court should he attempt to pick the culls.

## No Man Ever Gave Way Beneath the Burdens of To-day



# Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the assassination in 1634 of Count Wallenstein, the famous general of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria. As generalissimo of the imperial forces he faced Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen and fought a battle which cost the great Swedish King his life. Success made Wallenstein arrogant.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By ANN LISLE

Anne Goes Home, Finds That Jim Has Gone, Leaving a Note, and Sees, to Her Surprise, Tom Mason

By Ann Lisle.

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### CHAPTER LXXIX.

WHEN I got back to the canteen I found it bustling in silence on the edge of the sidewalk—dark and shuttered for the night.

I rattled the door frantically, and crouched on the steps to peer through the chinks of the lattice-work walls. But no friendly greeting reached out to welcome me. There was only a blinking cat prowling about in the shadows.

This was a frightful disappointment, for when I darted off my car and raced back to the canteen I'd never doubted that I should find the lieutenant there and be able to impress her with the story of Cris-tia Sturge's cleverness in preventing me from using the anonymous cigarettes.

I had felt confident that this bit of finesse and thoughtfulness would counteract any blinder Carolina had made—and save her the humiliation of being transferred from our unit. I didn't like the girl—but I felt I owed her this, and I wanted to pay it at once.

I gave one last vindictive rattle to the doorknob and then laughed at my own frenzy of disappointment.

"What's the matter, sister—lose something?" asked a man's voice. It sounded jovial—too jovial. I straightened up resentfully, but not at all timidly, and looked into the puzzled eyes of a splendid, big policeman.

"Yes, I've lost something—a chance to pay off a debt," I said.

He grinned good-naturedly and shook his head. "Run along home and pay your bills in the morning when the cashier's around," said he. "For if you go prowling around like this I'll have to conclude you're planning to take what's none of yours sooner than paying what you owe."

"I'm not crazy, officer," I protested. "No—an' you're not any lighter on the fingers than you are in the head—maybe. I'll believe it for about one minute. But run now, before I do be running you in."

I ran. But the clock on the corner registered 9:30 long before my car came. Then I remembered uneasily that I'd told Jim I would be home by 8:30. It would be all of 10 now before I got there, and after that she placed him gently in the cradle.

"Come in," she whispered to our little pussy cat traveler, and when he was in the nice bright kitchen for the fire in the stove made bright streaks of light over the clean floor, she said:

"Sir Cat, you are a traveler, I see. Tell me one of your adventures while I get the supper. My good man will soon be home, hungry and tired from his day's work."

New Puss Junior was tired, too, and he didn't feel a bit like sitting down and telling a story. But he did, just the same, for he was an obliging little pussy and knew she was going to invite him to supper, so, like Little Tommy Tucker, he must pay for his supper by telling a story.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a famous cat, and the reason he was so famous was because he had done a great favor for his master. You see, his master was the youngest of three sons, and

of tobacco waited itself to me from the blurry darkness.

An aroma of strangeness seemed to steep the place. I put out my hand and switched on the lights. And still my little home looked odd and unfamiliar. I told myself that was because it was empty of Jim.

Almost timidly I crossed the room. There, propped against his own picture on the refectory table, lay a note in Jim's handwriting. I stood weighing it in my hand for a second before I opened it. Then, still standing with my heavy coat slipping back from my shoulders, I twisted open the bit of paper and read Jim's message:

Dear Anne:

"Came home at 8:30, as we agreed, and sat here on pins and needles for half an hour. Then called the Canteen, and got no answer. Waited till 9:30. You aren't a child, and I'm not going to be fool enough to worry about you. But I don't propose to sit home and wait for you any longer. Don't know when I'll be back. JIM."

A little sob of uneasiness caught in my throat, and then suddenly a laugh chased it away. For as

plainly as if he had written it there I could read Jim's message between the lines of Jim's note:

"Now worry about me awhile. It's your turn, and I'm going to let you have your full share."

Whereupon a low chuckle sounded in answer to my laugh. So Jim was home after all. Calmly, though my heart was beating a tattoo, I slipped out of my coat, and keeping my eyes resolutely from the door to my bedroom, whence I was sure the laugh had come, I sank idly down on the couch and plumped up a pillow to fit into the hollow of my back.

Then with keen enjoyment of my own power to be a complete spoilsport, I rolled my command on my tongue:

"Come out—I heard you!"

"Well, you take it calmly enough." It wasn't Jim's voice that answered me!

With terror tightening my throat I looked up to face the intruder. The half-open door leading to my bedroom stirred faintly and then flung wide.

Over the threshold stepped Tom Mason.

To Be Continued.

## Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

FOR many days Puss Junior traveled in his boat down the river. One evening he heard a voice on the shore singing:

Rock-a-baby, the cradle is green, Dad's a policeman, the finest yet seen!

And mother's a lady and goes to a ball.

And Johnny's a member of Tammany Hall.

And, of course, this made Puss Junior laugh, for he didn't know there was a Tammany Hall in New Mother Goose Land and neither did I until Puss told me.

Well, he pulled his boat up to the bank and got out, and after that he listened to hear the song, but there wasn't a sound, so he thought the baby must be asleep. Then he tipped over to a little cottage nearby and looked in the window, and there he saw a pretty little woman with a baby in her arms. And when she saw Puss she lifted her finger very gently to let him know that her baby was in the land of nod, and after that she placed him gently in the cradle.

"Come in," she whispered to our little pussy cat traveler, and when he was in the nice bright kitchen for the fire in the stove made bright streaks of light over the clean floor, she said:

"Sir Cat, you are a traveler, I see. Tell me one of your adventures while I get the supper. My good man will soon be home, hungry and tired from his day's work."

New Puss Junior was tired, too, and he didn't feel a bit like sitting down and telling a story. But he did, just the same, for he was an obliging little pussy and knew she was going to invite him to supper, so, like Little Tommy Tucker, he must pay for his supper by telling a story.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a famous cat, and the reason he was so famous was because he had done a great favor for his master. You see, his master was the youngest of three sons, and

when his father died he got nothing but the cat, while the others got the farm and money. But he didn't say to the cat that he didn't want him. And this so pleased the cat that he made up his mind to help his young master.

"And what do you think he did. Why, he made believe his master's clothes were stolen while in bathing, and the King, who was passing by at that moment in his coach, felt so sorry that he gave him a beautiful suit and asked him to drive with him."

"And, of course, the cat went too, and as they passed along he waved his paw and said, 'All these lands belong to my master.' By and by they came to a castle where lived a giant. So the cat ran ahead, and the giant, who was sitting in his big room was just going to kill him, when the cat said, 'I hear you can change yourself into anything. Let me see if you can turn into a mouse!'"

"And the giant foolishly did, whereupon this wise cat ate him up. And then the King gave his daughter to wed, and the young man never forgot how his cat helped him to gain fame and fortune."

And this cat is my father," concluded Little Puss, Jr., with a bow.

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To Be Continued.

## Going Back a Bit.

A crowd had gathered at the bar of the Cock and Countess, and several of the company were swopping yarns.

An old soldier was boasting of his long service, and in doing so drew the long bow somewhat.

"Why," he said, "I was in Julius Caesar's bodyguard. It was while I was on leave that the old bloke got done in."

"Gee! That's nothing!" said an old salt who had also seen long service. "I was one of the crew of the submarine that nearly torpedoed the Ark!"

## Now for the Summer Styles

Republished by Special Permission Good House-keeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



Short, flaring sleeve, long tunic, narrow undershirt are features of this georgette, crepe frock in pale yellow, rose, blue or orchid with white beading.

Summery as a little breath of Spring breeze itself is this dress or organdy with sash of net and little vest to imitate those on new box coats.

## Women Who Dared

A NEW SERIES BY LORETTO LYNCH

By Loretto C. Lynch.

IT'S not always wise to marry your roomer, just because he is good-looking. Mrs. Leeds knows this now, but she didn't six months ago. When she married Joe she promised her such prosperity that she promptly dismissed the soldier folk who had rooms from her and fixed the house all over to please Joe. Only one woman, who had roomed with Mrs. Leeds since her first husband passed on, remained. She taught in the local high school and paid \$20 a month for room and breakfast.

And then one day, when life seemed rosy, Joe failed to come home. To think that was the day when her hair was "flaxiest" and her calico dress "starchiest." At 9 o'clock the supper was still on the table. There was a knock on the door. Mrs. Leeds answered it. An officer of the law stepped in.

To a trusting, home-loving widow of forty, the shock was "most too much." Leeds was wanted by the police in another city for embezzlement. Getting wind of it somehow, he left in a hurry, taking one of the disreputable women of the town with him.

Recovering from the emotional shock, she next began to think of things practical. She would get the soldier folk back. They gladly paid any price for a room. Why, the situation was perfectly simple. But—before Mrs. Leeds had dreamed this dream many hours, the armistice was signed and soon after demobilization began.

She owned the little house she lived in, but she could not keep it going on the \$20 a month she received from the high-school teacher. She did not want to give up her little home, but she could not keep it. One day she asked Miss Pearson, the high-school teacher, a question. And then her success began.

"Why do you continue to live with me, Miss Pearson, when I am

always so sad and so generally unpleasant?"

Miss Pearson looked at her a moment and then told her this: "I live at your home, Mrs. Leeds, because you are an excellent housekeeper. I live here because you keep my room so beautifully clean. My bed is a good one, and you make it up so comfortably that no matter how tired I am, I arise from it refreshed for another day's work. I believe you are the best housekeeper in this part of Texas. Why don't you get a job as chambermaid in a big hotel?"

"But I'd have to give up my little home and I don't want to do that if I can help it," replied Mrs. Leeds.

"Nonsense," replied Miss Pearson, nothing daunted. "On next Saturday morning I shall go with you and interview the hotel housekeeper."

It was with a certain sense of dread, such as sensitive people experience when they anticipate meeting strangers, that Mrs. Leeds started out in company with Miss Pearson on that memorable Saturday morning. A fifteen-minute walk introduced them to the hotel. They were in the office of the hotel housekeeper. Miss Pearson did most of the talking. Mrs. Leeds gave a sample of her efficiency and speed in putting a room in order.

"Let me see," the housekeeper was saying, "at the rate you work, I believe you could do the number of rooms I assign you in four hours. Can you work from 12:30 noon until 4:30? You see, many of our guests are theatrical folk and they do not rise much before noon."

The hours were suitable, the work was delightful, but they had not taken up the all important question of remuneration. But the housekeeper came to that presently. "We pay our chambermaids well, but we expect excellent work. Each day you will have to make a report on each of your rooms. One may need a tassel for the window shade,

another may have a defective light or a chair in need of repair."

"To begin with we will pay you \$10 a week for the seven days, four hours a day."

"Forty dollars and over some months and Miss Pearson's thirty will be seventy," thought Mrs. Leeds, and her heart within her leaped with joy. She accepted the job immediately.

At last the world looked better to her. And often there were \$10 or over in the little house treasury, for Mrs. Leeds could launder beautifully. When a guest paid Mrs. Leeds 50 cents to launder a biscuit-colored georgette waist strange to say, the waist returned bluish color, and when she laundered pink silk undergarments for guests she returned them beautifully soft and clean and the color was still pink.

To what did she attribute her success? First, circumstances. Then, her remarkable good sense, which made her choose hard work in preference to wasting many good salt tears over a worthless man. Then, too, she was willing to take advice.

Miss Pearson had mingled with people. She was well educated and broad-minded, and Mrs. Leeds realized her ability and respected her judgment. Mrs. Leeds did things she knew best how to do and she did it a little better than most others. She did not try to compete with trained men in a man's world. She did a woman's work in a woman's world.

Hotels everywhere are looking for efficient help. A number of them will consider part-time workers at good wages. And Mrs. Dallas Leeds was just another of the "housewives who dared."

## Compensation.

One Sunday morning Pat appeared in public with a very noticeable black eye. "Hello!" said a friend. "I see you got the worst of the argument last night. 'Oh,' said Pat, 'I didn't know as man's world that I've got Murphy's wages in my pocket!'"

## Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ.

Lucien Delorme and the Pretended Georgette Meunier Continue Their Pleasant Idyl.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to Mme. Armin and regains the acquaintance of Mrs. Tankery, rich American widow, and a Guatemalan georgette Domingo Lopez.

Mrs. Tankery about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Mrs. Tankery is found dead in her room, murdered. After an investigation Delorme is suspected. Later Delorme is released.

The Baron Plucke meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he entered into with Delorme.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Azas-Vicence excites considerable curiosity. House-keepers, a clever organization of thieves, the "A" Squad, are set to work. They lease an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for a loan, and to the surprise of the comte and his associates announces to them that the safe supposed to contain them is empty.

Delorme is seized while at the comte's apartment and left to die in the jewel safe. To avert suspicion his clothing is piled on the Quai Javel.

Baron Plucke, however, aids Delorme in solving murder of a relative, the circumstances of which are almost identical with the Tankery tragedy. The Maharajah of Poudhukarrh sends an agent, Baron Plucke seeking to borrow \$15,000,000 on the royal jewels.

Burglars break the safe and are seized with terror when Delorme springs out.

Ten voices cried in the same breath:

"Stop thief!"

The first to rush in pursuit of the criminal was the Hungarian military attaché, repeating:

"Stop thief!"

In a second the whole street was in a tumult. People gathered from all sides. Police officers came on a run.

But the robbers were already far away. Vainly was the whole quarter ransacked. Probably an automobile, stationed at short distance off, had carried them swiftly away.

The victims of this extraordinary robbery had nothing left except the meager consolation of making a formal complaint to the officer in charge of the police station in a neighboring street.

They went there.

On coming out the comte returned home on foot; he lived too near, and the weather was too fine that evening to inflict upon him the trouble of coming for him in the middle of the night.

He did not grieve for his pearl shirt studs, nor his gold cuff buttons, which were imitation, nor the bank bills in his pocketbook, all cleverly imitated, but he did think sorrowfully of his ring.

It had become a sort of fetish. The diamond was one of those he had found in the possession of Baron Plucke-Strohe; he had taken a fancy to it, though he could not have explained why; so he had kept it and had it mounted in a ring which he had worn constantly ever since.

"I will never part with it," he had promised Juliette "until our wedding day, then I'll put it on your finger."

But he felt certain that the robbers would bring it back to him; the offer was too large for them to hesitate! Besides, he had not suspected him of being a colleague? Did they think he was better informed than the police—and, while reflecting on all this, he was trying to remember exactly the last words uttered by the Hercules, which had attracted his attention.

Suddenly he struck his forehead, exclaiming:

"Aha! That very stout man . . . isn't that the description of one of my burglars? There were three of them—the second might very well be his companion, a person of average size. But the third? . . . 'It's Lady Bufferton, the guide. In the Rue Vexelay she took the part of the groom. In the Rue Jadin she looked in the doors and opened the windows for her accomplices! And it is for the purpose of pointing out profitable enterprises that she goes into fashionable society, pretending to be the wife of an officer. That is the reason she directed the conversation this evening to the Maharajah. No one could know better than she that his jewels did not exist—and she made me pay for her disappointment over my empty safe by jerking at me. Ah! the jade—if only I can find her again!'" And to think that, one day, I had the impudence to receive her in my home to allow her to obtain the plan of my apartment. She is very clever—certainly, I would never have suspected, in spite of my shrewdness, that Lady Bufferton belonged to a band of robbers!"

When he returned home, he walked Nam to tell him all that had happened during the evening.

"Ill-gotten gains never bring good luck," replied the Hindoo seriously. "I told you not to keep that diamond! But the most intelligent men have such weaknesses for the vanities of this world! As to your suspicions regarding these three individuals, do me the favor not to speak of them to the police; let them unravel the matter themselves. It is always imprudent to put one's fingers between the tree and the bark; there's only one thing to expect—getting pinched!"

And the Hindoo fell asleep again.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Snare.

Meanwhile, Lucien Delorme and the pretended Georgette Meunier were continuing their pleasant idyl.

Not a week passed during which the young people did not meet in some quiet spot where, away from the crowd, they could chat lovingly for a few minutes.

Lucien Delorme showed that he

was more and more captivated with his companion. He came to their meetings with his hands filled with rare flowers, and his lips with tender protestations, but vainly did he entreat her to lengthen their conversations a little. As soon as 6 o'clock struck, like Cinderella, Georgette rose abruptly and hurried off.

"I must go for my father," she cried. "That is the reason I went out. If he did not see me he would certainly have suspicious. What should I say if he questioned me?"

Then he let her go with reluctance, not daring to detain her, watching her elegant, slender figure moving away, and answering with a beating heart the farewell she gracefully waved to him, never suspecting that she was wondering if he might follow her, and if she could regain the Rue Vexelay with entire safety.

"Georgette," he said at last, "this situation cannot go on forever. I am suffering too much. Why do you still refuse to utter the final word which would unite us eternally and for which I wait so impatiently in vain?"

They were sitting on a bench in a secluded avenue of the Champs Elysees. They heard, not far away, the laughter of the children playing. Sometimes one brushed against them, and they saw the folds of their hoop. But, in the shelter of the clump of flowering shrubs that concealed them, they felt isolated and forgotten.

Georgette, with her eyes cast down, made no reply. She seemed to be counting the grains of sand on the path, as yellow as her hair beneath the sunbeams which illumined it.

"Yes," replied the young man slowly. "I have begged you several times to present me to your father. You always refused. Are you afraid, Georgette, that he will not give us his consent? Yet I have some little property, and am willing to go to work at once. My family is not poor. I know in you. What objections could he make under these conditions? Or is it because you are not yet sufficiently sure of my love? Yet you know that I love you madly, and that the happiest moment of my life will be when you consent to become my wife?"

She almost invisible flush rose to the young girl's forehead and in a slightly tremulous voice, without raising her eyes, she answered:

"My friend, your words touch me deeply. Do not believe that I am insensible to them. I dare not tell you that I share your feelings, but let me hope that you will understand all I experience, without my being obliged to express it. And yet, it is true I do still hesitate!"

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## Well Deserved Rebuke.

An old country woman was plodding along a road with a heavy basket on her head. She had turned into a by-lane and proceeded along twenty yards when a motorist called out to her. "Ay, ay, there! Come back. I want to speak to you!"

The old woman returned to the corner of the lane, put down her basket, and waited. "I want to go to Netherpool," said the motorist. The country woman was most angry. "Well, then go," she replied. "And then I remember some laboriously replacing her basket on her head, she proceeded on her way."

## New Rendering of Old Song.

A young lady at a New Year party was asked to sing. She complied, and this is what her audience made out of the song: "Mid play-ers and sand palaces, the beam a roams, be it averse oh wum bull, there snow play sly comb!"

## ADVERTISEMENT

### One Woman to Another

By Thora Goodyear

Listeners, people say, never hear any good of themselves. Well, I don't think so. I overheard the girls at the office talking about me and read I benefited.

"Thora has body odors" one of them said meaningly. "Why doesn't she use Amolin?"

I blushed furiously and pretended not to hear. Was it true? I wondered. And then I remembered some mornings when I had noticed body odors as I dressed. I knew the girls were right. I had been offending people with bad odors. I said to myself, "And haven't really known it."

Did I hesitate? No! Amolin—that was what my talkative office friend had said. So I got a can of Amolin. I can honestly say that Amolin is a splendid for destroying body odors from perspiration or any other cause. Amolin banished mine entirely.

Amolin is unscented and contains no talcum. It's a personal deodorant powder and highly antiseptic with wonderful healing and soothing qualities. It had so many intimate uses for women. All drug and department stores sell Amolin. It costs 25c for a 2 oz. can, 50c for 4 oz.

The Amolin Co., Ltd., N. J., will send a free sample on request.

When I think of how I unknowingly used to give offense with body odors, I feel ashamed. Nowadays I'd no more think of not using Amolin than I would forget to bathe. I consider Amolin an indispensable ailment round toilet routine.

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### A Man Without A Flag

on the

27th

Is Like A Man Without

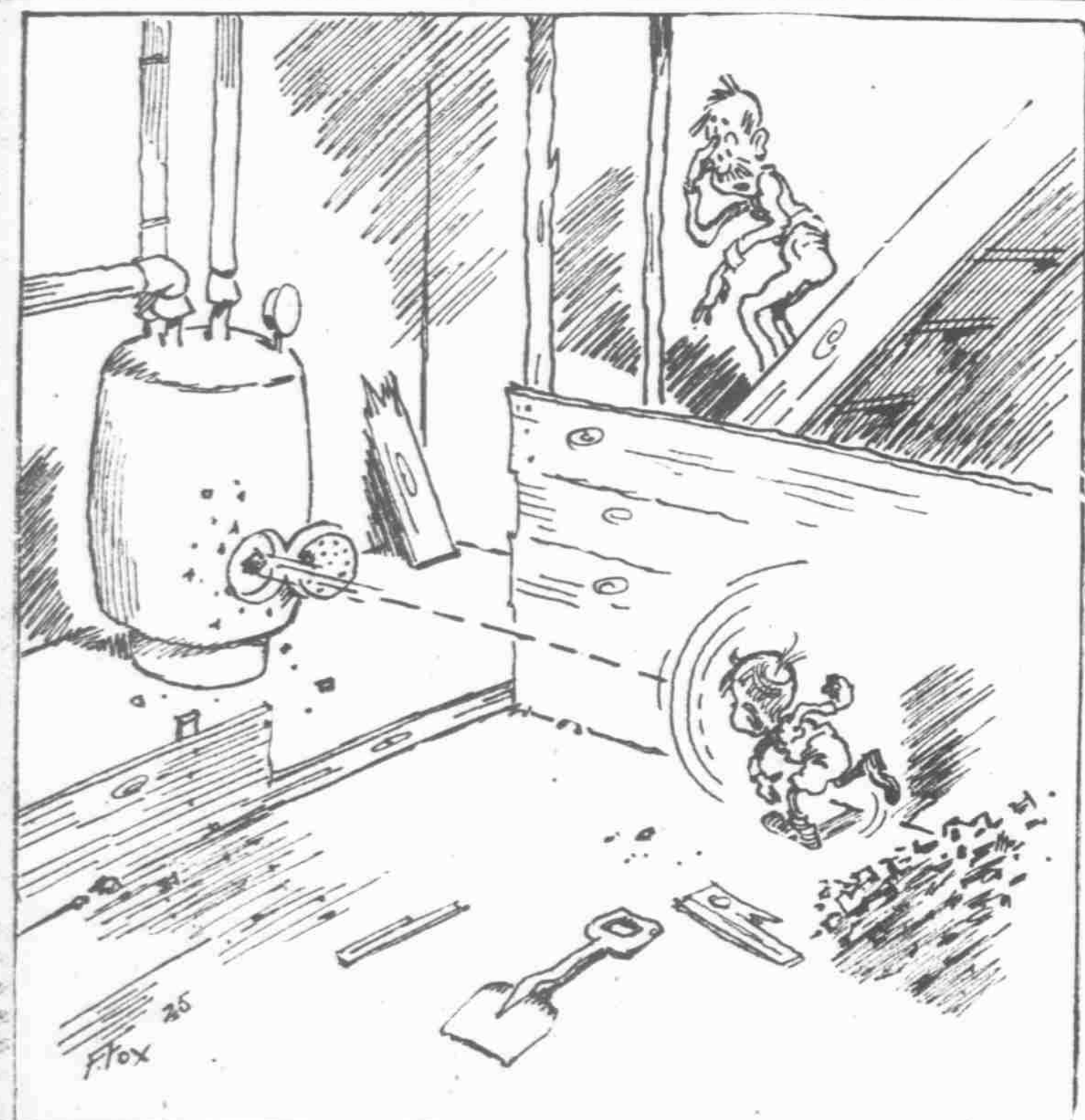
A Country

Washington Mercantile Co.

Franklin 2626, 427 10th St. N. W.

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What's the Use of Shoveling Coal When You're a Star Baseball Pitcher With Wonderful Control? BY FONTAINE FOX.



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